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THE

CABINET OF GENIUS

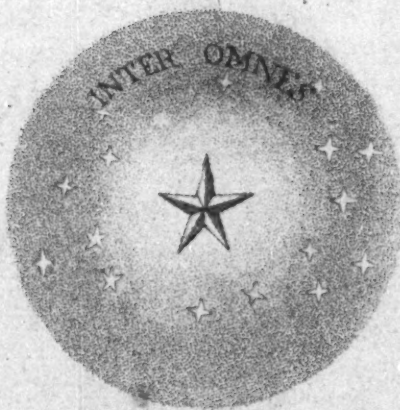
containing

FRONTISPIECES and CHARACTERS

adapted to

the most POPULAR POEMS, &c.

with the Poems &c at large.



L O N D O N.

Printed for C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

1787.



P R E F A C E.

BY the favour of the Public, this Work has now completed a SECOND VOLUME, with which it will terminate:—not for want of support; for we have to express the sincerest gratitude for unexampled support, in a most extensive sale:—nor for want of subjects; since we are well aware, that many extremely interesting are omitted; but, partly, because it was not originally proposed to exceed a single volume, and previous preparations were adapted to that quantity only: and, partly, that since those preparations were exhausted, the exertions necessary to ensure punctuality of publication have been very great, and now require intermission. But the principal reason for concluding the Work at this period is, that the idea on which it was undertaken is capable of great improvements; and our experience in the course of it, in conjunction with the remarks of our friends, has suggested wherein they may be most effectual. To execute them, requires both time and study, which are not to be obtained while unremitting assiduity

duity is exacted by rapid returns of publication. After an interval, the Public may expect a Work from designs of Mr. SHELLEY, engraved under the direction of Mr. TAYLOR, which, it is presumed, will not only claim the approbation of the British Public, but of Europe at large. We owe this notice to those Patrons by whose favour we have been hitherto supported; and, were it possible, we would fix the extent of this interval: but, though a number of drawings are completed, and a number of the best engravers in the kingdom are engaged on them, we cannot determine the time of this work's appearance; a few months must previously elapse.

In the mean time, those who desire a continuation of the CABINET OF GENIUS, may be gratified, in the plates to the ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, publishing by Mr. TAYLOR, which are of the same size, and equal elegance.

LIST OF THE SUBJECTS

ALREADY ENGRAVED, AND PUBLISHED IN

THE CABINET OF GENIUS,

With the AUTHORS from whom they are selected.

AUTHORS.	SUBJECTS.	PUBLISHED IN NUMB.
GRAY.	The BARD,	from the Poem of the Bard I.
	GRAY'S ELEGY,	} from the Elegy in a } XV.
	The HOARY-HEADED SWAIN,	
	The HOURS,	from the Ode to Spring XV
POPE.	SYLVIA,	} from Spring - - - XI.
	DELIA,	
	ALEXIS,	from Summer - - - X.
	DORIS,	from Autumn - - - XI.
	DAPHNE'S TOMB,	from Winter - - - XIII.
	ELOISA,	from the Epistle of Eloisa II.
CAWTHORNE.	ABELARD,	from the Epistle of Abelard V.
PARNELL.	The HERMIT,	} from the Poem of the } IX.
	The ANGEL,	
THOMPSON.	LAVINIA,	from Autumn - - - XIV.
MOORE.	YOUTH,	from the Female Seducers VII.
PRIOR.	The GARLAND,	} from the Poem of the } VI.
DR. JOHNSON.	STELLA,	from the Winter's Walk XVI.
COLLINS.	SELIM, Morning,	} Oriental Eclogues { XVII.
	HASSAN, } Noon,	
	ZARA } Evening,	
	ABBAS, } Night,	
	ABRA, } Night,	
	SECANDER, Night,	XIX.
GAY.	CUDDY, Monday,	} The Shepherd's Week { XXI.
	MARIAN, Tuesday,	
	SPARABELLA, Wednesday,	
	The SPELL, Thursday,	
	GRUBBINOL, Friday,	
	BOWZYBEUS, Saturday	XXII.
	The FAREWELL,	XXII.
	The MISER,	VI.
	The LADY and WASP,	from Gay's Fables - XII.
		from ditto - - - XXI.

LIST OF THE SUBJECTS.

AUTHORS.	SUBJECTS.	PUBLISHED IN NUMB.
DODSLEY's } MISCELLANIES. }	FLAVIA.	{ The Soliloquy of a Beauty } VIII. in the Country }
STERNE.	The MONK, MARIA,	{ from the Sentimental } III. Journey } IV.

TWO SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBERS, Viz.

MILTON.	MORNING,	{ from L'Allegro
	EVENING,	
GOLDSMITH.	EDWIN and ANGELINA,	{ from the Ballad of Edwin & Angelina; or, the Hermit
	ANGELINA and EDWIN,	

MISCELLANIES.

The Happy Resemblance	- - - - -	I.
The Fountain of Love	- - - - -	II.
The Sleeping Fair	- - - - -	III.
The Sacrifice to Love	- - - - -	X.
Beware	- - - - -	XIII.
Love Liberated	- - - - -	XIV.
Cupid in Thought	- - - - -	IV.
Cupid's Contrivance	- - - - -	V.
Cupid's Offer	- - - - -	VIII.

LANDSCAPES.

The Country Cott	- - - - -	I.
The Verdant Bank	- - - - -	II.
The House on the Heath	- - - - -	III.
The Cottage Field	- - - - -	IV.
The Rural Dwelling	- - - - -	V.
View of St. Trennian's	- - - - -	X.
Richmond Castle	- - - - -	VIII.
Bolton Castle	- - - - -	
Water-fall on the River Eure	- - - - -	XIII.
Second Water-fall on the River Eure	- - - - -	XIV.

* * Gentlemen may bind any Numbers together to make a Volume, and in any order they please. Those who bind every Twelve Numbers, may have a Title to each Volume on sending for it.



I



J. Shelley pin.

C. Taylor sculp.

The BARD.

B

A

R

D,

A PINDARIC ODE,

By Mr. G R A Y.

• **RUIN** seize thee, ruthless King,
• Confusion on thy banners wait:
• Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
• They mock the air with idle state!
• Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
• Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
• To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
• From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first **EDWARD** scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of **Snowdon's** shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout **GLO'STER** stood aghast in speechless trance;
To arms! cried **MORTIMER**, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I.

A

On

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

' Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
 ' Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath;
 ' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 ' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 ' To high-born HOEL's harp, or soft LLEWELLYN's lay.

' Cold is CADWALLO's tongue,
 ' That hush'd the stormy main:
 ' Brave URIEN sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 ' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 ' MODRED, whose magic song
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head;
 ' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 ' The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a griev'd band,
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native land;
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of EDWARD'S race.
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, thro' BERKLEY'S roofs that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable warrior fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

" The

" The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to salute the rising Morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
" Youth on the prow ; and Pleasure at the helm ;
" Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare,
" Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell thirst and famine fowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
" Ye tow'rs of JULIUS, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread !
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" EDWARD,

" EDWARD, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate,
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 ' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
 ' Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
 ' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
 ' Descending flow their gitt'ring skirts unroll!
 ' Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 ' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 ' No more our long-lost ARTHUR we bewail.
 ' All hail, ye genuine Kings, BRITANNIA'S issue, hail!

' Girt with many a Baron bold
 ' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 ' And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,
 ' In bearded majesty, appear.
 ' In the midst a form divine!
 ' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 ' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ' Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 ' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
 ' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 ' Hear from the grave, great TALIessin hear;
 ' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ' Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 ' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

' The

‘ The verse adorn again
‘ Fierce War and faithful Love,
‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
‘ In buskin’d measures move
‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
‘ Fond impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day;
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me: with joy I see
‘ The different doom our fates assign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care;
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

London, Published Dec^r 1st 1787. by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. G R A Y.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor.
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,

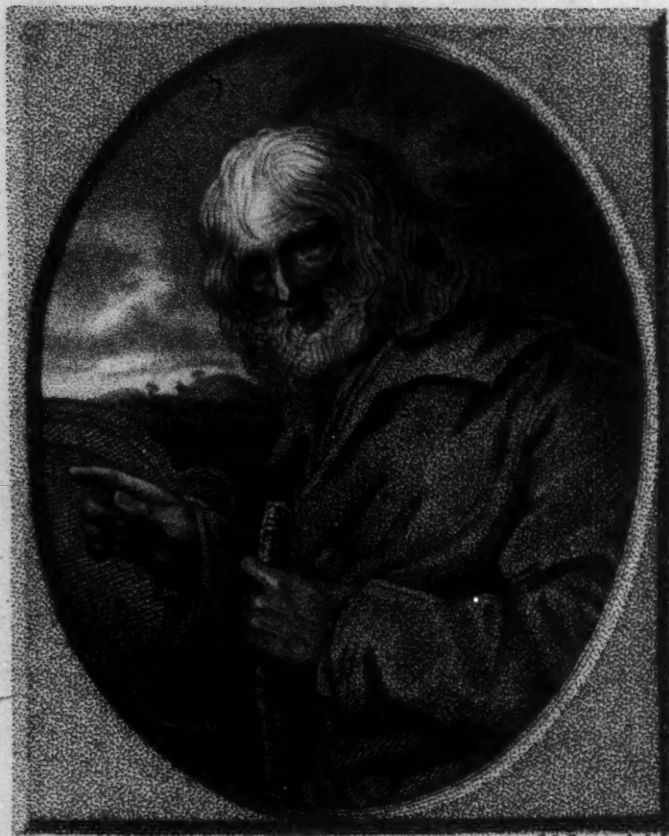
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.





J. Shelley pinx.

J. Ogborne sculp.

THE HOARY-HEADED SWAIN.

London, Publish'd by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn, Decr 1787.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
 For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

- ‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
- ‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
- ‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
- ‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
- ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
- ‘ His little length at noontide would he stretch,
- ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
- ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
- ‘ Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,
- ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
- ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree;
- ‘ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
- ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
- ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
- ‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
- ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

THE EPI T A P - H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.





Shelley pinx.

Nutter sculp.

THE HOURS.

London, Published Jan. 1. 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street Holborn.

O D E

S P R I N G.

By Mr. G R A Y.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;

XVI.

O

Beside

Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state),
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Moralist; and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

Meddles I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Mortal! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female insects
No hive hath thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy fun is lost, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while the May.



SPRING.

London, Published by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn, Sep: 15 1787.







J. Shelley Pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

SYLVIA.

London, Publish'd Aug: 1st 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

S P R I N G,

A P A S T O R A L,

By Mr. P O P E.

FIRST in these fields I try the fylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windfor's blifsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And ALBION's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You,* that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chaunt to the forsaken groves,
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

No. XI.

K

Soon

* Sir William Trumbull,

Soon as the flocks shook off their nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus DAPHNIS spoke, and STREPHON thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why fit we mute when early linnets sing,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why fit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and DAMON shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
 Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;

And

And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie?

D A M O N.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

S T R E P H O N.

Inspire me, Phoebus, in my DELIA's praise
With WALLER's strains, or GRANVILLE's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

D A P H N I S.

O Love! for SYLVIA let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

S T R E P H O N.

Me gentle DELIA beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH-

D A P H N I S.

The sprightly SYLVIA trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

S T R E P H O N.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

D A P H N I S.

Celestial VENUS haunts Idalia's groves;
 DIANA Cynthus, CERES Hybla loves;
 If Windfor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windfor shade.

S T R E P H O N.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If DELIA smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

D A P H N I S.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;

If SYLVIA smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But DELIA always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

SYLVIA's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, shepherd, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy SYLVIA's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields?
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For SYLVIA, charming SYLVIA, shall be thine.

DAMON

D A M O N.

Cease to contend, for, DAPHNIS, I decree
 The bowl to STREPHON, and the lamb to thee:
 Blest Swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel,
 Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
 Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.



X



J. Shelley pinx.

J. Osborne sculp.

ALEXIS.

London, Publish'd July 2. 1787 by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

S U M M E R,

A P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. P. O. P. E.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

X. I The

The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I enflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your ALEXIS pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which COLIN's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said; ALEXIS, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my ROSALINDA's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

Then

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and PAN applauds the song:
The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elyzium here.
In woods bright VENUS with ADONIS stray'd,
And chaste DIANA haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to CERES yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your ALEXIS knows no sweet but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;

Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes:
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chaunt in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
 But would you sing, and rival ORPHEUS' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.



81



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

DORIS.

London, Publish'd Sep^r 1. 1789 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

A U T U M N,

A P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. P O P E.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
HYLAS and ÆGON sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And DELIA's name and DORIS fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
HYLAS and ÆGON's rural lays I sing.

Thou *, whom the Nine with PLAUTUS' wit inspire,
The art of TERENCE, and MENANDER's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful HYLAS with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

* Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To DELIA'S ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from DELIA, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song;
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my DELIA'S stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my DELIA flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,

Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming, as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, DELIA, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of DELIA sounds,
DELIA, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.

Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my DELIA kind?

She comes, my DELIA comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next ÆGON sung, while Windsor groves admir'd,
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourself inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd DORIS, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:

Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,

While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;

So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!

Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,

Now

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine;
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey!"—
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
 PAN came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
 From shepherds, flocks and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main,
 More fell than tygers on the Lybian plain:
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.



XII



J. Shelley pinx.

J. Ogborne sculp.

Daphne's Tomb.

London, Publish'd by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

W I N T E R,

A P A S T O R A L,

By Mr. POPE.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring,
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of DAPHNE's fate, and DAPHNE's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet ALEXIS' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

XIII.

L

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of thy field.
 Begin; this charge the dying DAPHNE gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when ADONIS dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone;
 "Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
 "Fair DAPHNE'S dead, and love is now no more!"
 'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay;
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
 Fair DAPHNE'S dead, and beauty is no more!
 For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies,
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now DAPHNE'S dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew descends from ev'ning skies,
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
 Fair DAPHNE'S dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while DAPHNE sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the nightingales repeat her lays,
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair DAPHNE'S dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 DAPHNE, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where DAPHNE wond'ring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly who your name implore,
 DAPHNE, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees,
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale Orion sheds unwholesome dews,
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu ye shepherd's rural lays and loves;
 Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
 DAPHNE farewell, and all the world adieu!





J. Shelley pinxt

C. Taylor sculp^t

ELOISA.

London. Publish'd June 1. 1786. by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

ABELARD

A B E L A R D.

By Mr. P O P E.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive, Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From ABELARD it came,
And ELOISA yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies:
Oh write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!

In

In vain lost ELOISA weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn;
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold, like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find;
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes overflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my ABELARD less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah! more than share it! give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempt'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd, Heav'n listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

II.

C

From

From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back thro' the pleasing paths of sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made;
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
 The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not CÆSAR's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love:
 If there be yet another name, more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
 Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast:

Ev'n

Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of ABELARD and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was ELOISE? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.

Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit ABELARD for GOD.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care;
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver fairs, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

See how the force of others pray'rs I try :
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity !)
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend ?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And, all those tender names in one, thy love !
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd,
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence and a dread repose :
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
 And here ev'n then shall my cold dust remain ;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
 And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch; believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man,
Assist me, Heav'n!—but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence,
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task, a passion to resign!
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget.
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep,
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even!
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with sereneest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymeneals sing,
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy.
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!

Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view;
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes:
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
 Alas, no more!—methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain!
 Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come,

Come, ABELARD! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead:
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet ELOISA loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear, where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes:
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me.
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round,

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart:

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me; far as Pole from Pole;
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit; thy memory resign;
 Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine,
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu;
 O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And faith, our early immortality!
 Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad ELOISA spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

- ‘ Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem’d to say)
- ‘ Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
- ‘ Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray’d,
- ‘ Love’s victim then, tho’ now a fainted maid:
- ‘ But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
- ‘ Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
- ‘ Ev’n Superstition loses ev’ry fear:
- ‘ For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow’rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow’rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin’d in breasts seraphic glow:
 Thou, ABELARD! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!
 Ah no——in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
 The hallow’d taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov’d ELOISA see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 Till ev’ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o’er;
 And ev’n my ABELARD be lov’d no more.
 O Death all eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when ’tis man we love.

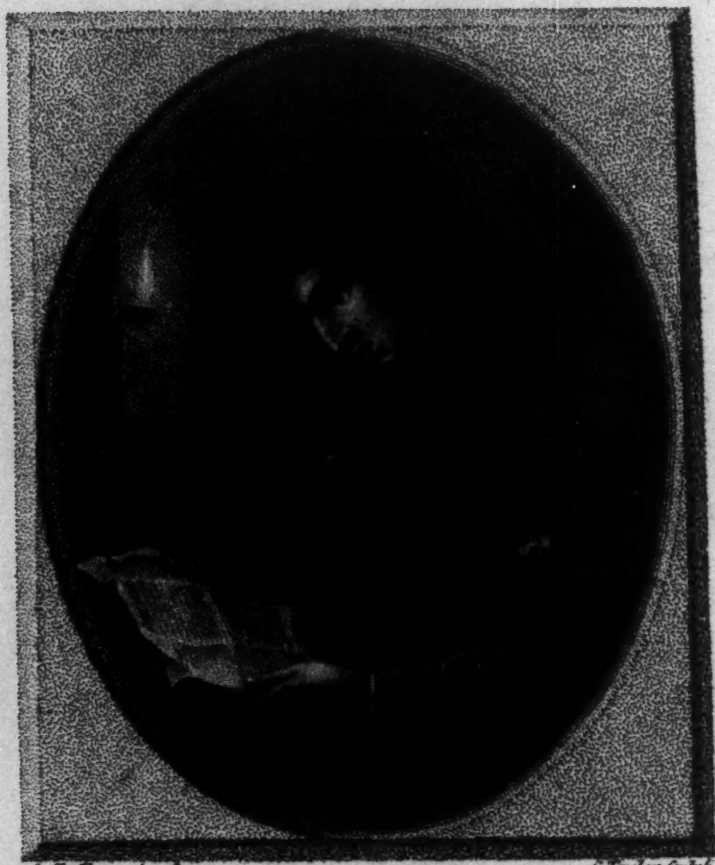
Then

Then too when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And faints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To PARACLETE'S white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full quire when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.



V



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

ABELARD

London, Published Feb. 21. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o. near Gyle Street. Holborn.

A B E L A R D

TO

E L O I S A.

By Mr. CAWTHORNE.

AH, why this boding Start! this sudden Pain,
That wings my Pulse, and shoots from Vein to Vein?
What mean, regardless of yon Midnight Bell,
These earth-born Visions saddening o'er my Cell?
What strange Disorder prompts these Thoughts to glow?
These Sighs to murmur, and these Tears to flow;
'Tis she, 'tis ELOISA'S Form restor'd,
Once a pure Saint, and more than Saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing Charms confest,
Glares thro' the Gloom, and pours upon my Breast,
Bids Heaven's bright Guard from PARACLETE remove,
And drags me back to Misery and Love.

Enjoy thy Triumphs, dear Illusion! see
This sad Apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy Call, my guilty Warmths return,
Flame thro' my Blood, and steal me from my Urn.
Yet, yet, frail ABELARD! one Effort try,
Ere the last lingering Spark of Virtue die:
The deadly charming Sorcerers controul,
And, spite of Nature, tear her from thy Soul.

V.

Long

Long has that Soul in these unsocial Woods,
Where Anguish mufes, and where Horror broods,
From Love's wild vifionary Wifhes stray'd,
And fought to lofe thy Beauties in the Shade,
Faith dropt a Smile, Devotion lent her Fire,
Woke the keen Pang, and fanctify'd Defire;
Led me enraptur'd to the bleft Abode,
And taught my Heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair Faith and Virtue prove,
When ELOISA melts away in Love!
When her fond Soul impaffion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No Joy forgotten, and no Wifh conceal'd,
Flows thro' her Pen as Infant Softnefs free,
And fiercely fprings in Ecftafies to me.
Ye Heavens! as walking in yon facred Fane,
With every Seraph warm in every Vein,
Juft as Remorfe had rous'd an aching Sigh,
And my torn Soul hung trembling in my Eye,
In that kind Hour thy fatal Letter came,
I faw, I gaz'd, I fhiver'd at the Name;
The confcious Lamps at once forgot to fhine,
Prophetic Tremors fhook the hallow'd Shrine;
Priests, Cenfurs, Altars, from thy Genius fled,
And Heaven itfelf fhut on me while I read.

Dear fmiling Mifchief! art thou ftill the fame,
The ftill pale Victim of too foft a Flame?
Warm, as when firft with more than mortal Shine
Each melting Eye-ball mix'd thy Soul with mine?

Have

Have not thy Tears for ever taught to flow,
The Glooms of Absence, and the Pangs of Woe,
The Pomp of Sacrifice, the whisper'd Tale,
The dreadful Vow yet hovering o'er thy Veil,
Drove this bewitching Fondness from thy Breast?
Curb'd the loose Wish, and form'd each Pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant Knee
To Love's dread Shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy Arms,
Spring to my Lips, and give me all thy Charms:
No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient Sail,
Steal the Lark's Wing, and mount the swiftest Gale;
Skim the last Ocean, freeze beneath the Pole;
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy Soul;
Fly, fly, for Justice bares the Arm of God,
And the grasp'd Vengeance only waits his Nod.

Are these my Wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does Phrenzy form them, or does Grace inspire?
Can ABELARD, in Hurricanes of Zeal,
Betray his Heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd Spirit to disown
Each human Warmth, and chill thee into Stone?
Ah, rather let my tenderest Accents move
The last wild Tumults of unholy Love!
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my Soul, and in fierce Raptures die,
Rouze all my Passions, act my Joys anew;
Farewell, ye Cells! ye martyr'd Saints, adieu!

Sleep, Conscience, sleep! each awful Thought be drown'd,
 And seven-fold Darkneſs veil the Scene around.
 What means this Pauſe, this agonizing Start?
 This Glimpſe of Heaven quick-ruſhing through my Heart?
 Methinks I ſee a radiant Croſs diſplay'd,
 A wounded Saviour bleeds along the Shade;
 Around th' expiring God bright Angels fly,
 Swell the loud Hymn, and open all the Sky:
 O ſave me, ſave me, ere the Thunders roll,
 And Hell's black Caverns ſwallow up my Soul.

Return, ye Hours! when, guiltleſs of a Stain,
 My ſtrong-plum'd Genius throb'd in every Vein,
 When warm'd with all th' ÆGYPTIAN Fanes inſpir'd,
 All ATHENS boasted, and all ROME admir'd;
 My Merit in its full Meridian ſhone,
 Each Rival bluſhing, and each Heart my own.
 Return, ye Scenes!—ah no, from Fancy fly,
 On Time's ſtretch'd Wing, till each Idea die,
 Eternal fly, ſince all that Learning gave,
 (Too weak to conquer, and too fond to ſave)
 To Love's ſoft Empire every Wiſh betray'd,
 And left my Laurels withering in the Shade.
 Let me forget, that while deceitful Fame
 Graſp'd her ſhrill Trump, and fill'd it with my Name,
 Thy ſtronger Charms, impower'd by Heav'n to move
 Each Saint, each bleſt Inſenſible to Love,
 At once my Soul from bright Ambition won,
 I hugg'd the Dart, I wiſh'd to be undone;

No more pale Science durst my Thoughts engage,
Insipid Dulness hung on every Page;
The Midnight Lamp no more enjoy'd its Blaze,
No more my Spirit flew from Maze to Maze;
Thy Glances bade Philosophy resign
Her Throne to thee, and every Sense was thine.

But what could all the Frosts of Wisdom do,
Oppos'd to Beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary Caves,
Death-breathing Woods, and daily-opening Graves,
Misshapen Rocks, wild Images of Woe,
For ever howling to the Deeps below:
Ungential Desarts, where no vernal Shower;
Wakes the green Herb, or paints th' unfolding Flower;
The imbrowning Glooms these holy Mansions shed,
The night-born Horrors brooding o'er my Bed,
The dismal Scenes black Melancholy pours
O'er the sad Visions of enanguish'd Hours;
Lean Abstinence, wan Grief, low-thoughted Care,
Distracting Guilt, and Hell's worst Fiend, Despair,
Conspire, in vain, with all the Aids of Art,
To blot thy dear Idea from my Heart.

Delusive, fightless God of warm Desire!
Why would'st thou wish to set a Wretch on Fire?
Why lives thy soft Divinity where Woe
Heaves the pale Sigh, and Anguish loves to glow?
Fly to the Mead, the Daisy-painted Vale,
Breathe in its Sweets, and melt along the Gale;

Fly

Fly where gay Scenes luxurious Youths employ,
Where every Moment steals the Wing of Joy ;
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy Throne,
Devoted Slaves and Victims all thy own :
Each Village-Swain the Turf-built Shrine shall raise,
And Kings command whole Hecatombs to blaze.

O Memory ! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting Hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail Bosom tore !
What Griefs I suffer'd ! and what Pangs I bore !
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
An Heart that panted to be still a Slave !
When Youth, Warmth, Rapture, Spirit, Love, and Flame,
Seiz'd every Sense, and burnt thro' all my Frame ;
From Youth, Warmth, Rapture, to these Wilds I fled,
My Food the Herbage, and the Rock my Bed.
There, while these venerable Cloysters rise
O'er the bleak Surge, and gain upon the Skies,
My wounded Soul indulg'd the Tear to flow
O'er all her sad Vicissitudes of Woe ;
Profuse of Life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my Heart, and Horror in my Eye,
With ceaseless Prayers, the whole Artillery given
To win the Mercies of offended Heaven,
Each Hill, made vocal, echo'd all around,
While my torn Breast knock'd bleeding on the Ground.
Yet, yet, alas ! tho' all my Moments fly
Stain'd by a Tear, and darken'd in a Sigh ;

Tho'

Tho' meagre Fafts have on my Cheek display'd
The Dusk of Death, and funk me to a Shade,
Spite of myself the still-impoisoning Dart
Shoots thro' my Blood, and drinks up all my Heart;
My Vows and Wishes wildly disagree,
And Grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the Glooms, that wrap the midnight Sky,
My ELOISA steals upon my Eye;
For ever rises in the solar Ray,
A Phantom brighter than the Blaze of Day;
Where-e'er I go, the visionary Guest
Pants on my Lip, or sinks upon my Breast;
Unfolds her Sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my Heart in Luxury of Joy:
While loud Hosannas shake the Shrines around,
I hear her softer Accents in the Sound;
Her Idol-beauties on each Altar glare,
And Heaven much-injur'd has but half my Prayer:
No Tears can drive her hence, no Pangs controul,
For every Object brings her to my Soul.

Last Night, reclining on yon airy Steep,
My busy Eyes hung brooding o'er the Deep;
The breathless Whirlwinds slept in every Cave,
And the soft Moon-beam danc'd from Wave to Wave;
Each former Bliss in this bright Mirror seen,
With all my Glories, dawn'd upon the Scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious Hour anew,
When my fond Soul to ELOISA flew;

When, with the keen speechless Ecstasies oppress'd,
Thy frantic Lover snatch'd thee to his Breast,
Gaz'd on thy Blushes arm'd with every Grace,
And saw the Goddess beaming in thy Face!
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent Wishes move
Each Pulse to Rapture, and each Glance to Love.
But lo! the Winds descend, the Billows roar,
Foam to the Clouds, and burst upon the Shore,
Vast Peals of Thunder o'er the Ocean roll,
The Flame-wing'd Lightning gleams from Pole to Pole.
At once the pleasing Images withdrew,
And more than Horrors crowded on my View;
Thy Uncle's Form, in all his Ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the Shade;
Pierc'd by his Sword, I sunk upon the Ground,
The Spectre ghastly smil'd upon the Wound:
A Group of black Infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my Infamy from Tongue to Tongue.

Detested Wretch! how impotent thy Age!
How weak thy Malice! and how kind thy Rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering Hand has left me all my Heart;
Left me each tender, fond Affection, warm,
A Nerve to tremble, and an Eye to charm,
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in Ill,
Thou thought'st it dull Barbarity to kill;
My Death had robb'd lost Vengeance of her Toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a Smile:

Sublimar

Sublimet Furies taught thy Soul to glow
With all their savage Mysteries of Woe;
Taught thy unfeeling Poniard to destroy
The Powers of Nature, and the Source of Joy;
To stretch me on the Racks of vain Desire,
Each Passion throbbing, and each Wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my Veins, and Hell within my Breast.

Aid me, fair Faith! assist me, Grace divine!
Ye Martyrs! bless me, and ye Saints! refine;
Ye sacred Groves! ye Heaven-devoted Walls!
Where Folly sickens, and where Virtue calls;
Ye Vows! ye Altars! from this Bosom tear
Voluptuous Love, and leave no Anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest Plume display'd
O'er all my Griefs, and hide me in the Shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
While awful Reason whispers in the Friend:
Friend, did I say? Immortals! what a Name!
Can dull, cold Friendship own so wild a Flame?
No; let thy Lover, whose enkindling Eye
Shot all his Soul between thee and the Sky,
Whose Warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd Song
Call'd thy rapt Ear to die upon his Tongue,
Now strongly rouze, while Heaven his Zeal inspires,
Diviner Transports, and more holy Fires;
Calm all thy Passions, all thy Peace restore,
And teach that snowy Breast to heave no more.

Torn

Torn from the World, within dark Cells immur'd,
 By Angels guarded, and by Vows secur'd,
 To all that once awoke thy Fondness dead,
 And Hope, pale Sorrow's last sad Refuge fled;
 Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
 Brood o'er false Joys, and hug th' ideal Chain?
 Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
 From yon bright Portal opening in the Sky,
 Thy ABELARD should bid his God adieu,
 Pant at thy Feet, and taste thy Charms anew?
 Ye Heavens! if to this tender Bosom woo'd,
 Thy mere Idea harrows up my Blood;
 If one faint Glimpse of ELOISE can move
 The fiercest, wildest Agonies of Love;
 What shall I be, when, dazzling as the Light,
 Thy whole Effulgence flows upon my Sight?
 Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an Abbess in thy Heart;
 See, while Devotion's ever-melting Strain
 Pours the loud Organ thro' the trembling Façade,
 Yon pious Maids each earthly Wish disown,
 Kiss the dread Cross, and crowd upon the Throne;
 O let thy Soul the sacred Charge attend,
 Their Warmths inspire, and their Virtues mend:
 Teach every Breast from every Hymn to steal
 The Seraph's Meekness, and the Seraph's Zeal;
 To rise to Rapture, to dissolve away
 In Dreams of Heaven, and lead thyself the Way,

Till all the Glories of the blest Abode
Blaze on the Scene, and every Thought is God!
While thus thy exemplary Cares prevail,
And make each Vestal spotless as her Veil,
Th' eternal Spirit o'er thy Cell shall move
In the soft Image of the mystic Dove;
The long-lost Gleams of heavenly Comfort bring
Peace in his Smile, and Healing on his Wing;
At once remove Affliction from thy Breast,
Melt o'er thy Soul, and hush her Pangs to rest.

O that my Soul, from Love's curst Bondage free,
Could catch the Transports that I urge to thee!
O that some Angel's more than magic Art
Would kindly tear the Hermit from his Heart!
Extinguish every guilty Sense, and leave
No Pulse to riot, and no Sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless Wish! still, still, the vigorous Flame
Bursts, like an Earthquake, thro' my shatter'd Frame;
Spite of the Joys that Truth and Virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love:
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
Thy form my Idol, and thy Charms my Heaven.

Yet, yet, my Fair! thy nobler Efforts try,
Lift me from Earth, and give me to the Sky;
Let my lost Soul thy brighter Virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy Hopes, and wing'd with all thy Zeal.
And when, low bending at the hallow'd Shrine,
Thy contrite Heart shall ABELARD resign;

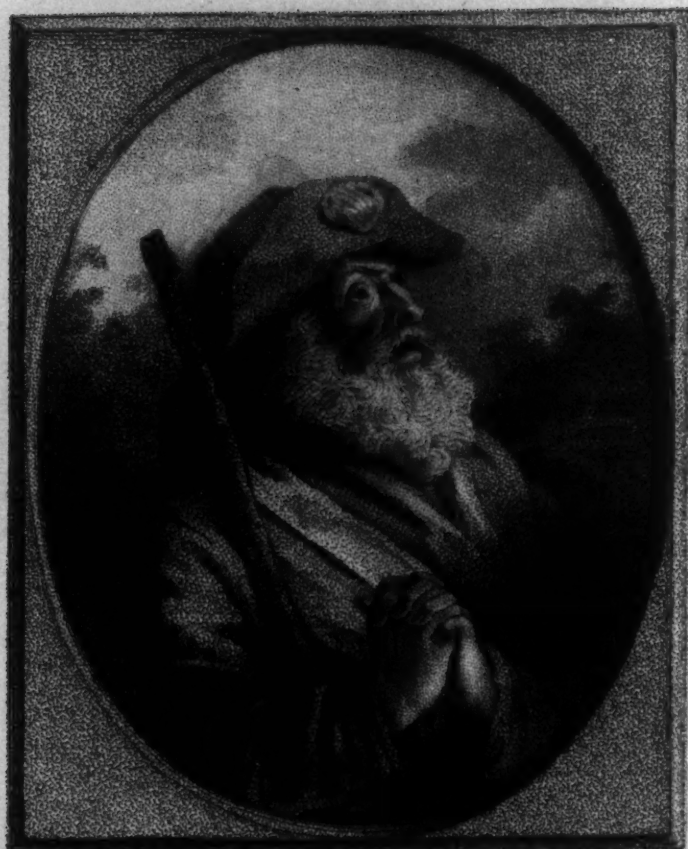
When pitying Heaven, impatient to forgive,
 Unbars the Gates of Light, and bids thee live;
 Seize on th' auspicious Moment ere it flee,
 And ask the same immortal Boon for me.

Then when these black terrific Scenes are o'er,
 And rebel Nature chills the Soul no more;
 When on thy Cheek th' expiring Roses fade,
 And thy last Lustres darken in the Shade;
 When, arm'd with quick Varieties of Pain,
 Or creeping dully flow from Vein to Vein,
 Pale Death shall set my kindred Spirit free,
 And these dead Orbs forget to doat on thee;
 Some pious Friend, whose wild Affections glow
 Like ours, in sad Similitude of Woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing Tear,
 Prepare the Garland, and adorn the Bier:
 Our lifeless Reliques in one Tomb enshrine,
 And teach thy genial Dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every Stain,
 Our active Souls shall climb th' ethereal Plain,
 To each bright Cherub's Purity aspire,
 Catch all his Zeal, and pant with all his Fire;
 There, where no Face the Gloom of Anguish weats,
 No Uncle murders, and no Passion tears,
 Enjoy with Heaven Eternity of Rest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.



1x



J. Shelley pinx.

J. Osborne sculp.

The HERMIT.

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H E R M I T.

BY
A N D G L I M M E R I N G F R A G M E N T S O F A B R O K E N L I N E
B A N K S, T R E E S, A N D L I K E S, I N T H I C K D I S O R D E R T R U N

D R. P A R N E L L.

F A R in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose:
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:

So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm nature's image on it's wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow;
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before:
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waded in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
 And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd:
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road:

Till

Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart;
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;

Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd, stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
 So seem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part;
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds:
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain:
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring feat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew:
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine
(Each hardly granted), serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky:
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts, without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a lodging nigh,
 Again they search and find a place to lie,
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then blest the mansion, and the master greet;
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From

THE HERMIT.

7

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd with calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead,

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back, their gradual plumes display,
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light,

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke),

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind:
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel——Thy fellow servant I.

Then

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid :
Its secret majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *great vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the cup to teach his mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again,
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow);
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false *servant* sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew;
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done;
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



C. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The ANGEL.

London. Publish'd June 1st 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10. near Gray's Street. Holborn.







LAVINIA.

London, Published by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

P A L E M O N A N D L A V I N I A .

T H O M S O N ' S S E A S O N S .

T H E lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and heav'n ;
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,

No. XIII.

M

Still

Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.

He

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:—
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense,
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
 Recals that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,

Whom

Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish!—would this the daughter were!

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same—the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful ACASIO! who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd, at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom;
And thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then ACASIO's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? Oh yes!—the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive; his ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune, say—Ah, where,
In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

Beat

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe; where vernal suns and show'rs
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence!
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
ACASTO's daughter—his, whose open stores,
Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country—thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy:
Then throw the shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task.
The fields—the master—all, my fair, are thine,
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss—the pow'r of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul;
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate.
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening-hours;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good—the grace of all the country round.





J. Delley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

YOUTH

London, Publishd April 2. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street Holborn.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

By Mr. M O O R E.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life :
Unhappy Sex ! who only claim
A being in the breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
But woman no redemption knows ;
The wounds of honour never close !

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before,
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
Till by conflicting waves oppress'd
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error? None.
Tho' Woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelick natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air
With varying elements endu'd
Was form'd to fall and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb again to flow,
The moon repletes her waining face
All beauteous from her late disgrace,
And suns that mourn approaching night
Refulgent rise with newborn light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green;
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;

Again

Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish and to rise. -

And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone,
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline,
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of Woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of Vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
HESPERIA's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return,
No more with virgin splendour burn,
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No:
Pity may mourn but not restore,
And Woman falls to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where,
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetick ground:
A stream call'd LIFE across it glides,
And equally the land divides,
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose
 As well for prospect as repose ;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
 And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
 Confess'd the honours of their line,
 But in a little daughter fair
 Was centred more than half their care,
 For Heav'n to gratulate her birth
 Gave signs of future joy to earth :
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And CHASTITY the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
 (A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
 Oft' thro' her native land she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd ;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And Nature yearly took delight
 Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen,
 Her parents up the mountain's head
 With anxious step their darling led ;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express :

“ O joyful

- “ O joyful cause of many a care !
“ O Daughter too divinely fair !
“ Yon’ world on this important day
“ Demands thee to a dang’rous way :
“ A painful journey all must go,
“ Whose doubtful period none can know,
“ Whose due direction who can find
“ Where reason’s mute and sense is blind ?
“ Ah, what unequal leaders these
“ Thro’ such a wide perplexing maze !
“ Then mark the warnings of the wife,
“ And learn what love and years advise.
“ Far to the right thy prospect bend
“ Where yonder tow’ring hills ascend ;
“ Lo ! there the arduous path’s in view
“ Which Virtue and her sons pursue,
“ With toil o’er less’ning earth they rise,
“ And gain and gain upon the skies :
“ Narrow’s the way her children tread,
“ No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
“ But rough, and difficult, and steep,
“ Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
“ Fruits immature those lands dispense,
“ A food indelicate to sense,
“ Of taste unpleasant ; yet from those
“ Pure health with cheerful vigour flows,
“ And strength unfeeling of decay
“ Throughout the long laborious way.
“ Hence as they scale that heavenly road,
“ Each limb is lighten’d of its load,

“ From

“ From earth refining still they go,
“ And leave the mortal weight below,
“ Then spreads the straight, the doubtful clears,
“ And smooth the rugged path appears,
“ For custom turns fatigue to ease,
“ And taught by Virtue pain can please.
“ At length the toilsome journey o’er,
“ And near the bright celestial shore,
“ A gulf black, fearful, and profound,
“ Appears, of either world the bound,
“ Thro’ darkness leading up to light ;
“ Sense backward shrinks and shuns the light ;
“ For there the transitory train
“ Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
“ And Matter’s gross incumb’ring mass,
“ Man’s late associates, cannot pass,
“ But sinking quit th’ immortal charge,
“ And leave the wond’ring soul at large,
“ Lightly she wings her obvious way,
“ And mingles with eternal day.
“ Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
“ Tho’ pleasure charm or pain impede !
“ To such th’ all-bounteous Pow’r has giv’n
“ For present earth a future heav’n,
“ For trivial loss unmeasur’d gain,
“ And endless bliss for transient pain.
“ Then fear, ah ! fear to turn thy sight
“ Where yonder flow’ry fields invite ;
“ Wide on the left the pathway bends,
“ And with pernicious ease descends ;

“ There sweet to sense and fair to show
“ New-planted Edens seem to blow,
“ Trees that delicious poison bear,
“ For death is vegetable there.
“ Hence is the frame of health unbrac’d,
“ Each sinew slack’ning at the taste,
“ The soul to passion yields her throne,
“ And fees with organs not her own,
“ While like the slumb’rer in the night,
“ Pleas’d with the shadowy dream of light.
“ Before her alienated eyes
“ The scenes of Fairyland arise,
“ The puppet world’s amusing show
“ Dipp’d in the gaily-colour’d bow,
“ Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt’ring things,
“ The toys of infants and of kings,
“ That tempt along the baneful plain
“ The idly wise and lightly vain,
“ Till verging on the gulfy shore
“ Sudden they sink and rise no more.
But list to what thy Fates declare:
“ Tho’ thou art Woman frail as fair,
“ If once thy sliding foot should stray,
“ Once quit yon’ heav’n-appointed way,
“ For thee, lost Maid! for thee alone
“ Nor pray’rs shall plead nor tears atone;
“ Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
“ On thy returning steps shall wait,
“ Thy form be loath’d by ev’ry eye,
“ And ev’ry foot thy presence fly.”

VII.

C.

Thus

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian angels plac'd around,
 A charm by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer past.
 Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
 Like Morn, forerunning radiance went,
 While honour, handmaid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awestruck the much-admiring crowd
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,
 Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
 And caught fresh virtues at the sight ;
 For not of earth's unequal frame
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
 If matter sure the most refin'd,
 High wrought and temper'd into mind,
 Some darling daughter of the Day,
 And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes thousands bend,
 And thousands where she moves attend ;
 Her ways observant eyes confess,
 Her steps pursuing praises blest,
 While to the elevated Maid
 Oblations as to heav'n are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
 The jovial birth of rosy May,
 When genial warmth no more suppress
 New-melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes,

The fun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While Nature as from bonds fet free
Springs out and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest
The Nymph her travell'd step repress,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with wo
To see a world so lost below,
When straight the breeze began to breathe,
Airs gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd :
The Maid in wrapt attention hung
While thus approaching Sirens sung :

“ Hither Fairest ! hither haste,
“ Brightest Beauty ! come and taste
“ What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
“ Joys too mighty to be told ;
“ Taste what ecstasies they give
“ Dying raptures taste, and live.

“ In

" In thy lap, disdain's measure,
 " Nature empties all her treasure,
 " Soft desires that sweetly languish,
 " Fierce delights that rise to anguish,
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest Beauty ! come away.
 " Lift not when the froward chide,
 " Sons of Pedantry and Pride,
 " Snarlers to whose feeble sense
 " April sunshine is offence ;
 " Age and Envy will advise
 " Ev'n against the joy they prize.
 " Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
 " Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 " Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 " With enjoyment past the painting.
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest Beauty ! come away."

So sung the Sirens, as of yore
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And O for that preventing chain
 That bound ULYSSES on the main ;
 That so our fair-one might withstand
 The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity with prying eyes
 And hands of busy bold emprise ;
 Like HERMES feather'd were her feet,
 And like forerunning fancy fleet ;

By

By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good posselt,
And but in expectation blest.

With her associate Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolick-loving dame!
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to fight,
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around:
As erst MEDUSA's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt;
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd,
No safety ev'n the flying find
Who vent'rous look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid
While distant more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland
They join'd her side and seiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting half denying,
Reluctant now and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As

As when some stately vessel, bound
 To bless Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses haply lights
 Where BARCA's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand,
 The pilot warns with sail and oar
 To shun the much-suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide too subtly strong
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till found'ring she resigns to Fate,
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight :

So baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames accustom'd to subdue
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long-reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye Fair Ones ! and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there ;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd ;
 Till then with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more ;
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,

But

But o'er her failing cast the veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now from all-inquiring light
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The damsel from a short repose
Confounded at her plight arose.

As when with slumb'rous weight oppress'd
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey
And steal his hoard of joys away,
He borne where golden Indus streams
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
But wakens naked and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd :

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn's like Niobe to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd;
And, " O thou curs'd insidious coast !

" Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
" These Virtue ! these the joys they find
" Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
" Shade me, ye Pines ! ye Caverns ! hide,
" Ye mountains ! cover me," she cry'd.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high
And told the tidings to the sky,
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A fide-long viper to her heart,

Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace,
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd,
But Echo gathers in the wind
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile Clamour giv'n,
And from the face of Friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat as in a shrine
Virtue, first effluence divine,
Far, far above the scenes of wo
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below ;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light !
Whom should Mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And Nature quick'ning in her eye
To rise a new-born phoenix die.

Hence unreveal'd to mortal view
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Thro' this her all-inquiring eye
Attentive from her station high
Beheld abandon'd to despair
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair,
And with a voice whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still ;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,

The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

- “ Lovely Penitent! arise,
“ Come and claim thy kindred skies;
“ Come, thy sister angels say
“ Thou hast wept thy stains away.
“ Let experience now decide
“ ’Twixt the good and evil try’d:
“ In the smooth enchanted ground
“ Say, unfold the treasures found.
“ Structures rais’d by morning dreams,
“ Sands that trip the flitting streams,
“ Down that anchors on the air,
“ Clouds that paint their changes there;
“ Seas that smoothly dimpling lie
“ While the storm impends on high,
“ Showing in an obvious glass
“ Joys that in possession pass:
“ Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
“ Flatt’ring only to betray,
“ What, alas! can life contain?
“ Life like all its circles vain!
“ Will the stork intending rest
“ On the billow build her nest?
“ Will the bee demand his store
“ From the bleak and bladeless shore?
“ Man alone intent to stray
“ Ever turns from Wisdom’s way,

“ Lays

- “ Lays up wealth in foreign land,
“ Sows the sea and ploughs the sand.
“ Soon this elemental mass,
“ Soon th’ incumb’ring world, shall pass,
“ Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
“ Time be spent and life expire.
“ Then ye boasted Works of men !
“ Where is your asylum then ?
“ Sons of Pleasure, Sons of Care,
“ Tell me, Mortals ! tell me where ?
“ Gone like traces on the deep,
“ Like a sceptre grasp’d in sleep,
“ Dews exhal’d from morning glades,
“ Melting snows and gliding shades.
“ Pass the world, and what’s behind ?
“ Virtue’s gold by fire refin’d,
“ From an universe deprav’d,
“ From the wreck of Nature, sav’d ;
“ Like the life-supporting grain,
“ Fruit of patience and of pain,
“ On the swain’s autumnal day
“ Winnow’d from the chaff away.
“ Little Trembler ! fear no more,
“ Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
“ Seed by genial sorrows sown,
“ More than all thy scorers own.
“ What tho’ hostile earth despise ?
“ Heav’n beholds with gentler eyes ;

“ Heav’n

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“ Heav’n beholds with gentler eyes ;
“ Heav’n

- " Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
" Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.
" When the fatal trump shall sound,
" When th' immortals pour around,
" Heav'n shall thy return attest,
" Hail'd by myriads of the blest.
" Little native of the skies,
" Lovely Penitent! arise;
" Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
" Virtue is thy sister now.
" More delightful are my woes
" Than the rapture pleasure knows,
" Richer far the weeds I bring
" Than the robes that grace a king.
" On my wars of shortest date
" Crowns of endless triumphs wait,
" On my cares a period blest,
" On my toils eternal rest.
" Come, with Virtue at thy side;
" Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
" Till we gain our native shore:
" Sister come, and turn no more."





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

THE GARLAND

London, Published March 1. 1787. by C. Taylor N^o 10. near Coffle Street, Holborn.

T H E G A R L A N D.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming CHORUS' hair.
 At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.
 The flow'rs she wore along the day;
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.
 Undrest at ev'ning when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.
 That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue can speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well;
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour: pr'ythee tell,
 That falling tear—What does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
 See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of beauty are but one:
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone!

At dawn poor STELLA danc'd and sung;
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
 At night her fatal knell was rung!
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud!

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy CHLOE's sorrow.



XVI



Shelley pinx.

Taylor sculp.

STELLA

London, Publish'd Jan'y 3, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope and fond desire
Resign the heart to spleen and care,
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture faddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, F.R.S.

BEHOLD, my STELLA, what a scene we view,
 What dreary prospects round us lie;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the howling sky!

Nor only through the walled plain,
 Stern Winter is thy force control'd;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power nigh my death.

Enlivening hope and fond desire
 Retain the heart to spleen and care,
 Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
 And rapture ladders to despair.

In groundless hope and careless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.





Shelley pinxit.

Taylor sculp.

S E L I M.

London, Published Feb^y 1, 1786 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

By Mr. COLLINS.

M O R N I N G.

YE Persian Maids! attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

Thus SELIM sung, by sacred truth inspir'd,
 Nor praise but such as truth bestow'd desir'd:
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd-maid,

XVII.

P

Or

Or taught the fwains that surest blifs to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing like a virgin bride,
The radiant Morn resum'd her orient pride ;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away,
By Tigris' wand'ring waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

“ Ye Persian Dames !” he said, “ to you belong
“ (Well may they please !) the morals of my song :
“ No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
“ Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
“ The Morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
“ Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes :
“ For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
“ And yours the love that kings delight to know :
“ Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
“ The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the fair.
“ Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray
“ Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;
“ Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
“ But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
“ Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
“ By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
“ Self-flatt'ring Sex ! your hearts believe in vain
“ That Love shall blind when once he fires the swain ;

“ Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
“ As spots on ermine beautify the skin.
“ Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
“ Each softer virtue that adorns the fair:
“ Each tender passion man delights to find,
“ The lov'd perfections of a female mind.

“ Bless'd were the days when WISDOM held her reign,
“ And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
“ With TRUTH she wedded in the secret grove,
“ Immortal TRUTH! and daughters bless'd their love.

“ O haste, fair Maids! ye Virtues! come away,
“ Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
“ The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
“ By Ind' excell'd or Araby no more.

“ Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
“ The dear deserters shall return again.
“ Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear;
“ To lead the train, sweet MODESTY! appear:
“ Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
“ And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
“ With thee be CHASTITY, of all afraid,
“ Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
“ But man the most—not more the mountain doe
“ Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
“ Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew,
“ A filken veil conceals her from the view.

“ No

" No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 " But FAITH, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
 " Desponding MEEKNESS, with her downcast eyes,
 " And friendly PITY, full of tender sighs;
 " And LOVE the last: by these your hearts approve;
 " These are the Virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain, and ancient legends say
 The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay.
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.





Shelley pinx^t

Taylor sculp^t

H A S S A N.

London, Publish'd Feb^y 1st 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

By Mr. COLLINS.



N O O N.

IN filent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver HASSAN with his camels past;
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desp'rate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

XVII.

"Ah!

“ Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
“ The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
“ Bethink thee, HASSAN ! where shall Thirst assuage,
“ When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?
“ Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
“ Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

“ Ye mute Companions of my toils, that bear
“ In all my griefs a more than equal share !
“ Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
“ Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
“ In vain ye hope the green delights to know.
“ Which plains more blest'd or verdant vales bestow ;
“ Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
“ And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

“ Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
“ Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !
“ The lily peace outshines the silver store,
“ And life is dearer than the golden ore ;
“ Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown
“ To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town :
“ Full oft' we tempt the land, and oft' the sea ;
“ And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
“ Ah !, why was ruin so attractive made,
“ Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?

Why

" Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 " The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
 " Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 " The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
 " Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 " Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" O cease, my fears!—All frantic as I go,
 " When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 " What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
 " Oft' in the dust I view his printed feet;
 " And fearful oft', when Day's declining light
 " Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 " By hunger rous'd he scours the groaning plain;
 " Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
 " Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 " Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 " If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
 " Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 " And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 " Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 " From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!

XVII.

Q

" They

" They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 " Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" O, hapless Youth! for she thy love hath won,
 " The tender ZARA! will be most undone.
 " Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid;
 " When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said:
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 " Whom ZARA's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
 " Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs:
 " Safe o'er the wild no perils may'st thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false Youth! like me."
 " O! let me safely to the fair return,
 " Say with a kiss she must not, shall not, mourn;
 " O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 " Recall'd by Wisdom's voice and ZARA's tears."

He said, and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.



ZARA

London, Published April 1788, by C. Taylor. N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.







Shelley pinx.

Hutter sculp.

ABBAS.

London, Publish'd March 1, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 Castle Street, Holborn

[1]

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

By Mr. COLLINS.

EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen
In distant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day,
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
EMYRA sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of ABRA first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.

XVIII.

Deep

Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made;
 Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great ABBAS chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chase away;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
 At length he found and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
 " Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 " And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain,
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft' as she went she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy Maid! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden power and love!
 Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
 With love delight thee, and with ABBAS reign.
 " Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 " And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd:"

Yet

XVIII.

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
 And oft' as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant Hours,
 With sure return she fought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
 "Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"

And oft' the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft' to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or fought the vale where first his heart was fir'd.
 A russet mantle like a swain he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
 "Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd."

Blest was the life that royal ABBAS led;
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath like ABBAS, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
"Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"



ABRA

London, Published March 1st 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.







SECANDER

London, Published April 1, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

By Mr. COLLINS.

MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky,
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring Fear and desp'rate Sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran;
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib! for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

XVIII.

R

Friend

Friend of my heart! O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon' wide groves, already past with pain:
 Yon' rugged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd;
 And last, this lofty mountain's weary side.

A G I B.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless! must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe.
 Still as I haste the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind:
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests and deforms our land.
 Yon' citron grove, when first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conq'ring flame:
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian hands their fleecy care.

S E C A N D E R.

Unhappy Land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian Lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd and protect the maid!
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind;
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

A G I B.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks or Irwan's shady grove;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale:
 Fair Scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd:
 No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd,
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

S E C A N D E R.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair:
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

A G I B.

Ye Georgian Swains! that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war,

Some

Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab! as he prowls for prey,
 Off' marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night
 Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.



X+1



C U D D Y.

London, Publish'd June 1st 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

M O N D A Y.

OR,

T H E S Q U A B B L E.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, CUDDY, are but just awake,
No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does CUDDY leave his cott so rear?

CUDDY.

Ah! LOBBIN CLOUT, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belye not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And BLOUZELINDA's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy BLOUZELIND:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee BLOUZELINDA smites, BUXOMA me.

XXI.

LOBBIN

MONDAY: OR, THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah! BLOUZELIND, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters fore it gall,
That names BUXOMA, BLOUZELIND withal.

C U D D Y.

Hold, witless LOBBIN CLOUT, I thee advise,
Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder CLODDIPOLE, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From CLODDIPOLE we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall or winds arise:
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let CLODDIPOLE then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That CLODDIPOLE shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer;
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

C U D D Y.

Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My BLOUZELINDA is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass,
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;
But BLOUZELIND's than gilliflow'r more fair,
Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

C U D D Y.

My brown BUXOMA is the feateft maid
That e'er at wake delightfome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frifking kid delight the gaping fwain,
The wanton calf may fkip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play defteft feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like BUXOMA on the firft of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when BLOUZELIND is near,
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With

With her no fultry summer's heat I know;
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
 Come, BLOUZELINDA! ease thy swain's desire,
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

C U D D Y.

As with BUXOMA once I work'd at hay,
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
 And holidays, if happily she were gone,
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
 Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
 And all the year shall then be holiday.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As BLOUZELINDA in a gamesome mood,
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
 I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
 Believe me, CUDDY, while I'm bold to say,
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

C U D D Y.

As my BUXOMA, in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
 I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
 LOBBIN, I swear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
 Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;

Oats

Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of BLOUZELIND:
While she loves turnips butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my BUXOMA's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt;
I mis'd the fwains, and seiz'd on BLOUZELIND.
True speaks the ancient proverb, " Love is blind."

C U D D Y.

As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
BUXOMA gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung ;
Now high, now low, my BLOUZELINDA swung,
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
 And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid;
 High leapt the plank; adown BUXOMA fell;
 I spy'd—but faithful sweathearts never tell.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

This riddle, CUDDY, if thou canst, explain,
 This wily riddle puzzles every swain;
 What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
 The richest metal joined with the same?

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
 I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
 What flower is that which royal honour craves,
 Adjoin the Virgin†, and 'tis strown on graves?

C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
 An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
 But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
 And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
 Your herds for want of water stand adry,
 They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

* Marygold.

† Rosemary.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

MARIAN

London, Publish'd May 1, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

TUESDAY:

OR,

THE EDITTY.

By Mr. GAY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG COLIN CLOUT, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of MARIAN. MARIAN lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.

XX.

MARIAN,

MARIAN, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
 Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheefe she press'd,
 And yellow butter MARIAN's skill confess'd;
 But MARIAN now, devoid of country cares,
 Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheefe prepares;
 For yearning love the witlefs maid employs,
 And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
 COLIN makes mock at all her piteous smart,
 A las that CIC'LY hight had won his heart,
 CIC'LY, the western las that tends the kee,
 The rival of the parson's maid was she,
 In dreary shade now MARIAN lies along,
 And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:

Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
 When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
 Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were filly, but more filly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
 They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.

Ah! COLIN! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
 What I have done for thee will CIC'LY do?

Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with hufewife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft' in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of MARIAN they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet COLIN CLOUT, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas MARIAN's dear delight
To toil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.

TUESDAY: OR, THEY DITTY

In misling days when I my threshers heard,
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
 Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
 In harvest, when the sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
 Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft' been sun-burnt for thy sake:
 When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,
 I lag'd the last with COLIN on the green;
 And when at eve returning with thy carr,
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
 Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac'd,
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
 When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
 Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon' stile, three fallow gypies met:
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;

They

They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock.
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my COLIN's scorn,
I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have not I fate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my COLIN CLOUT and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or COLIN move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, COLIN, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.

As

As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
 So is thy image on this heart of mine.
 But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
 For knives, they tell me, always sever love.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

SPARABELLA.

London, Publish'd April 2, 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn

WEDNESDAY: OR, THE DUMPS.

A PASTORAL.

By Mr. GAY.

SPARABELLA.

TH E wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,

VII.

E

Or

Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
 Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
 When SPARABELLA, pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From SPARABELLA BUMKINET is fled;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier CLUMSILIS put on:
 Sure if he had eyes (but Love, they say, has none),
 I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy CLUMSILIS with me compare?
View this, ye Lovers! and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No hufwifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I've often seen my visage in yon' lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Tho' CLUMSILIS may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witlefs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor SPARABELL'S undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,

For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the flow afs on trees, like squirrels, play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the 'Squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

My

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only filly sheep annoys,
The son the fillier shepherds destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!
No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend:
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Tho' all the parish say I've lost my wits;

And

And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye Lasses! cease your burthen, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The SPELL.

London, Published May 1st 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THURSDAY:

THE SPEEL.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary Vale,
In pensive Mood rehears'd her piteous Tale,
Her piteous Tale the Winds in Sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers Groan for Groan.

I rue the Day, a rueful Day I throw,
The woful Day, a Day indeed of Woe!
When LUBBERKIN to Town his cattle drove,
A Maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The Maiden fine bedight his Love retains,
And for the Village he forsakes the Plains.
Return, my LUBBERKIN! these Ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and Spells shall ease my Care.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

XX.

When

When first the Year I heard the Cuckoo sing,
 And call with welcome Note the budding Spring,
 I straightway set a running with such Haste,
 DEB'RAH that won the Smock scarce ran so fast;
 Till spent for Lack of Breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising Bank I sat adown,
 Then doff'd my Shoe, and, by my Troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled Hair,
 As like to LUBBERKIN's in Curl and Hue,
 As if upon his comely Pate it grew.

With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At Eve last Midsummer no Sleep I sought,
 But to the Field a Bag of Hempseed brought;
 I scatter'd round the Seed on every side,
 And three Times in a trembling Accent cry'd,
 This Hempseed with my Virgin Hand I sow,
 Who shall my True-love be the Crop shall mow.
 I straight look'd back, and if my Eyes speak Truth,
 With his keen Scythe behind me came the Youth.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the Day when Birds of Kind
 Their Paramours with mutual Chirpings find,
 I nearly rose, just at the Break of Day,
 Before the Sun had chas'd the Stars away;

XXXA-field

A-field I went, amid the Morning Dew,
 To milk my Kine (for so should Huswives do)
 Thee first I spy'd ; and the first Swain we see,
 In Spite of Fortune, shall our True-love be.
 See, LUBBERKIN ! each Bird his Partner take,
 And canst thou then thy Sweetheart dear forsake ?

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day Fair I search'd to find a Snail
 That might my secret Lover's Name reveal ;
 Upon a Gooseberry-bush a Snail I found,
 For always Snails near sweetest Fruit abound.
 I seiz'd the Vermine, Home I quickly sped,
 And on the Hearth the Milk-white Embers spread :
 Slow crawl'd the Snail, and if I right can spell,
 In the soft Ashes mark'd a curious L :
 Oh ! may this wondrous Omen lucky prove !
 For L is found in LUBBERKIN and Love.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two Hazel-nuts I threw into the Flame,
 And to each Nut I gave a Sweetheart's Name :
 This with the loudest Bounce me sore amaz'd,
 That in a Flame of brightest Colour blaz'd.
 As blaz'd the Nut so may thy Passion grow,
 For 'twas thy Nut that did so brightly glow.

With

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the Door the Spell in Secret laid;
My Wheel I turn'd, and sung a Ballad new,
While from the Spindle I the Fleeces drew;
The Latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper Person,—LUBBERKIN.
I broke my Yarn, surpris'd the Sight to see,
Sure Sign that he would break his Word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted Slight;
So may again his Love with mine unite!

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This Lady-fly I take from off the Grass,
Whose spotted Back might Scarlet red surpass.
Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the Man is found that I love best.
He leaves my Hand; see to the West he's flown,
To call my True-love from the faithless Town.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This

This mellow Pippin, which I pare around,
My Shepherd's Name shall flourish on the Ground:
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my Head,
Upon the Grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my Heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the Green.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This Pippin shall another Trial make;
See from the Core two Kernels brown I take;
This on my Cheek for LUBBERKIN is worn,
And BOOBYCLOD on t'other Side is borne:
But BOOBYCLOD soon drops upon the Ground,
A certain Token that his Love's unsound,
While LUBBERKIN sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his Lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As LUBBERKIN once slept beneath a Tree,
I twitch'd his dangling Garter from his Knee;
He wist not when the hempen String I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle Blue;
Together fast I tye the Garters twain,
And while I knit the Knot repeat this Strain;
Threes Times a True-love's Knot I tie secure,
Firm be the Knot, firm may his Love endure!

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around,

As I was wont, I trudg'd last Market-day
To Town, with new-laid Eggs preserv'd in Hay.
I made my Market long before 'twas Night,
My Purse grew heavy, and my Basket light,
Straight to the 'Pothecary's Shop I went,
And in Love-powder all my Money spent;
Behap what will, next Sunday after Prayers,
When to the Alehouse LUBBERKIN repairs,
These golden Flies into his Mug I'll throw,
And soon the Swain with fervent Love shall glow.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his Ears,
O'er yonder Stile see LUBBERKIN appears.
He comes! he comes! HOBNELIA's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with Willow, die a Maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green Gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!





J. Shelley pinx.

W. Nutter sculp.

GRUBBINOL.

London, Published July 1st 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

FRIDAY:

OR,
THE DIRGE.

By MR. JOHN GAY,

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, GRUBBINOL, dost thou so wistful seem?

There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.

'Tis true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,

And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,

And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;

Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;

Now the squeez'd preps foams with our apple hoards.

Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,

Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

GRUB. Ah! BUMKINET! since thou from hence wert gone,

From these sad plains all merriment is flown;

Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,

And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,

And with trim sonnets cast away our care.

GILLIAN of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."
 Of PATIENT GRISSEL I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
 Come, GRUBBINOL! beneath this shelter come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant vallies ring;
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For woe is me!—our BLOUZELIND is dead.

BUMK. Is BLOUZELINDA dead? farewell, my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
 Of BLOUZELINDA fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
 And winds shall moan aloud---when loud they blow.
 Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, when'er it rains, shall mourn;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn BLOUZELINDA dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I BLOUZELIND shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;

There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door:
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their **BLOUZELIND**.

Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.

I pitch'd

I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kifs my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! BLOUZELIND! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For BLOUZELINDA, blithsome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
" Here BLOUZELINDA lies—Alas, alas!
" Weep, shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass."

GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet BLOUZELINDA's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When BLOUZELIND expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:
The boding raven on her cottage fate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;

The

The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
 While on her darling's bed her mother fate,
 These words the dying BLOUZELINDA spoke,
 And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
 Be these my sister's care---and ev'ry morn
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.

Yet, ere I die---see, Mother, yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.

Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:

The rest is your's---My spinning-wheel and rake
 Let SUSAN keep for her dear sister's sake:

My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
 Let PEGGY wear, for she's a damsel clean:

My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be GRUBBINOL's---this silver ring beside:

Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
 A token kind, to BUMKINET be sent.

Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
 Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.

Upon

Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,
He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise---quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Left her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm:
For Gaffer TREADWELL told us by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroaking milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell BLOUZELINDA's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny SUSAN sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And SUSAN BLOUZELINDA's loss repairs.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

BOUTZMEREUS.

London, Publish'd July 1, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

S A T U R D A Y:

OR,

T H E F L I G H T S.

BY MR. JOHN GAY.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
 Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
 Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
 The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
 With BOWZYBEUS' songs exalt thy verse,
 While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
 Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
 Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,
 Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
 The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
 Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
 To the near hedge young SUSAN steps aside,
 She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;

Whate'er

Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
 And merry reapers what they list will ween.
 Soon she rose up, and cry'd, with voice so shrill,
 That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
 The youths and damsels ran to SUSAN's aid,
 Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they BOWZYBEUS spy'd,
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
 That BOWZYBEUS who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
 That BOWZYBEUS who with fingers' speed
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
 That BOWZYBEUS who with jocund tongue,
 Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah! BOWZYBEE, why didst thou stay so long?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
 Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
 But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

CIC'LY, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
 And kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoring lout;
 For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
 For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
 By her example DORCAS bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose.

He

He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
 The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke,
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er ;
 As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the crowd
 Sings with a note so thrilling sweet and loud ;
 Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like BOWZYBEUS sooths th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun ;
 For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing and seek their prey by night :
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
 And how the closing coleworts upward grow ;
 How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs ;
 Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail :
 He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed :
 Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend :
 Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep :
 How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
 Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose ;

For

For huntsmen, by their long experience, find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid:
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes:
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold:
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd:
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

Ah!

Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom JOAN he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to fleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore;
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?

His carols ceas'd, the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some lost imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose, and as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till ruddy like his face the sun descends,

All in the land of Essex next he chanc'd,
How to seek mares flesh Quakers turn gallants;
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious passion,
And on a sudden sang the hundredth psalm.

He sang of Taffy Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullets, and the Irish Trot;
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Of Wanner's dragon slain by valiant Moore;
The power of Roland, or Robin Hood,
And how the grail now grows where Troy town stood?

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

By Mr. G A Y.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When Black-ey'd SUSAN came aboard:
Oh! where shall I my true Love find!
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet WILLIAM sails among the Crew?

WILLIAM, who high upon the Yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below:
The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And (quick as Lightning) on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
(If chance his Mate's shrill Call he hear)
And drops at once into her Nest,
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
Might envy WILLIAM's Lip those Kisses sweet.

O SUSAN! SUSAN! lovely Dear,
My Vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling Tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

VI.

A

Believe

Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;
 They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry Port a Mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's Coast we sail,
 Thy Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright,
 Thy Breath is Afric's spicy Gale,
 Thy skin is Ivory, so white.
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely SUE.

Tho' Battle call me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty SUSAN mourn:
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet, safe from Harms,
 WILLIAM shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should drop from SUSAN's Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word;
 The Sails their swelling Bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd: she sigh'd; he hung his Head:
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land:
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily Hand.





The MISER

London, Publish'd Sep^r 1: 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

MISER AND PLUTUS,

A FABLE. By MR. GAY.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the miser wakes.

Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks:

Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,

In every creek and corner pries,

'Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,

And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.

But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,

He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,

By conscience stung, he wildly stares;

And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,

This heart had known sweet peace of mind.

But virtue's fold. Good gods! what price

Can recompense the pangs of vice!

O bane of good! seducing cheat!

Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?

Gold banish'd honour from the mind,

And only left the name behind;

Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;

Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:

'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts,

In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.

Who

Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.

The miser trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus addrest.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
Each sordid rascal's daily cant.

Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.

Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?

Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;

And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.

Thus when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;

'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside.

But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven:

Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tear from widows' eyes;

Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?

Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.



XXI



Shelley pinx.

Taylor sculp.

The LADY and WASP.

London, Publish'd June 1. 1768 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

By Mr. GAY.

WHAT whispers must the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike,
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
But who can drive the num'rous breed?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another;
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As DORIS, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And lull'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies,
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires;
Her fan in vain defends her charms,
Swift he returns, again alarms;

For

For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good Gods, she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent
A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd.
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me, with strong desire, pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, JENNY, DORIS cries,
Nor murder Wasps, like common flies,
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts,
Where'er he came the favour boasts,
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew:

Sure of success away they flew;
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play,
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.

Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.





S. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

FLAVIA.

London, Publish'd May 1. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

F L A V I A;

OR, THE

S O L I L O Q U Y

Of a B E A U T Y in the C O U N T R Y.

T WAS night; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
“ If all in envious solitude are lost?
“ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
“ Where none are Beaux, 'tis vain to be a Belle;

VIII.

F

“ Beauty,

" Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn ;
" Both most are valu'd where they best are known,
" With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,
" We cannot break one stubborn country heart :
" The brutes, insensible, our pow'r defy :
" To love exceeds a 'Squire's capacity.
" The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;
" That is our heav'n, and we are angels there :
" In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
" The Court of Britain is the court of Love.
" How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
" How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
" At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
" The homage due to empire, paid to me !
" When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown ;
" When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
" Less jealous in their pow'r, than in their love.
" Chang'd is the scene ; and all my glories die,
" Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky :
" Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
" In stupid indolence my life is spent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent ;
" Unblest I wear my useless time away ;
" Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all day ;
" Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer ;
" For dulness must be ever regular.

" Now

- " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
" Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any Tempter there:
" From books to work, from work to books I rove,
" And am, alas! at leisure to improve!—
" Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
" These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
" Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
" Sure erring nature never could design
" To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
" O VENUS, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r:
" Let me re-visit the dear town again:
" Let me be seen!—cou'd I that wish obtain,
" All other wishes my own pow'r would gain.
- }

"Now with tresses as red as whiff I play;
 "Now without a word drink I'll bid me;
 "Or in the garden beside the country air;
 "Pensive from musing and a certain tear;
 "From bed to work, from work to bed I love;
 "And am as true as heart to heart to love;
 "Is like the sea a living, breathing sea;
 "Where every wave is made to love;
 "These things, as when I was even ago would show;
 "The heart of me is now as then to love;
 "So true, so true, so true, so true to love;
 "To love, to love, to love, to love, to love;
 "O Vex me, vex me, vex me, vex me, vex me;
 "And a million of my love, my love, my love;
 "I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not;
 "I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not;
 "All other things, my love, my love, my love.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor, sculp.

THE MONK.

London, Published Dec. 21. 1786, by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE MONK.

FROM STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent.

The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single fous; and accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained

III.

remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for it was neither elegant, or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his hand upon his left breast (a slender white
2 staff

staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.—It is very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—it is very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—But of all others,

THE MONK.

others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head--as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal--we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour--and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry--Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none--but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE REMISE DOOR.

THE good old Monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or not--He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness: and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me--You shall taste mine--said I, pulling out my box (which was

was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the Monk; Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor Monk blushed as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blushed in my turn; but from what movements I leave to the few who feel to analyse—Excuse me, Madam, replied I—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations. It is impossible, said the lady. My God! cried the Monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it—We remained silent without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the Monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said

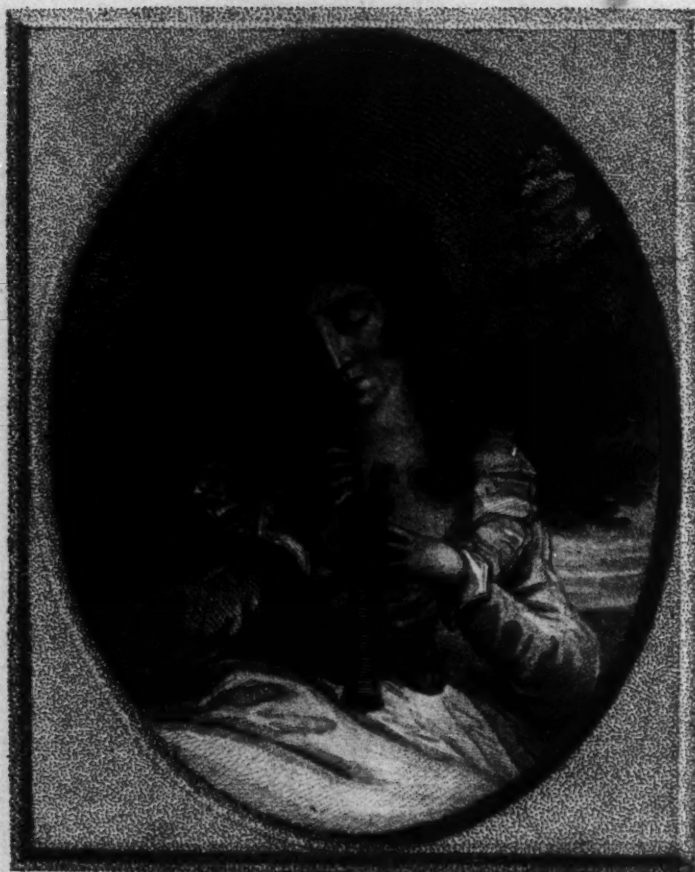
THE MONK.

said, it was too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest---but be it as it would---he begged we might exchange boxes---In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it---with a stream of good-nature in his eyes he put it into his bosom---and took his leave,

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him---when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears---but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but to pity me.



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MARIA

London, Published Jan. 1, 1787, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

M A R I A.

[From STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.]

M O U L I N E S.

JUST Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor MARIA my friend Mr. SHANDY met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go

IV.

half

half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

The old mother came to the door ; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband ; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of MARIA's senses, about a month before.—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this ? and what made LA FLEUR, whose heart seemed only to be turned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it ? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor MARIA sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and LA FLEUR to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist ; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover ; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle ; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.—“Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,” said she. I look’d in MARIA’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat ; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her ; and MARIA let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep’d it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wip’d hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul ; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

When MARIA had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind,* said MARIA, *to the shorn lamb.*

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I: and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldest eat of my own bread,
and

and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back.....when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldest play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and MARIA observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.....And where will you dry it, MARIA? said I.....I'll dry it in my bosom, said she.....'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, MARIA? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows.....she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.....The string I had touched ceased to vibrate.....in a moment or two MARIA returned to herself.....let her pipe fall.....and rose up.

And where are you going, MARIA? said I.....She said to Moulines.....Let us go, said I, together.....MARIA put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Tho'



Tho' I hate salutations and greetings in the Market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of MARIA.

MARIA, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms.....affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarce earthly.....still she was feminine.....and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but MARIA should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!.....Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds.....the Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.



And where are you going, MARIA? said I. She said to Mollineux: Let us go, said I, together. MARIA put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Mollineux.